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DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, &c.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, by G. P. R. James, Esq. Author of "Darnley," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

We are free to confess that we were not a little perplexed on our first receipt of Mr. James's work;—the three slim volumes of heavily "leaded" pages in which it stood before us, too plainly indicated "a novel of deep and stirring interest," while the title-page, and more especially the preface, prepared us for something of a more authentic nature.—In short, Mr. James's subject, and its external treatment, are strangely out of keeping.—the substantial matter-of-fact-and-date historian, who should have been clad in a dignified brace of octavos, or a still more stately quarto, being here unceremoniously tricked forth in all the light and ephemeral airiness of fiction; and with what good purpose for its disguise we cannot discover. We believe, however, that circulating-library and reading-room proprietors attach a peculiar charm to the number three; and it was perhaps for their exclusive accommodation, that Mr. James consented to sacrifice the dignity and respect usually accorded to the subject of his present efforts.

Another point of remark in the general getting up of these volumes is the total absence of plan or deliberation, in the selection and arrangement of their contents. Mr. James professes to give "Memoirs of Great Commanders," from which comprehensive title we were led to expect something of a comprehensive and well-digested work;—But how does it turn out? These memoirs are some thirteen or fourteen in number, in which slender list are comprised the "great commanders" of almost every nation and date, from Henry the Fifth of England to General Wolfe,—the deficiencies being both glaring and numerous, as may easily be supposed.

With regard to the execution of the memoirs themselves, we can speak generally favourably, in many respects in terms of high praise. Mr. James's well-known talents in the description of military and chivalrous romance, had led us to expect that his efforts would have been eminently successful in the present similar line of history; and if he have partly fallen short of our expectations, it is to his subject and not his talent we must attach the blame. Had this gentleman merely proposed to himself a series of romances *founded upon fact*, his imagination would doubtless have shone forth in all the magnificence of invention and pictorial effect so conspicuous in his former writings; but where fact becomes his steersman, and the limits of truth the strict limits of his story, the disadvantages under which he labours will readily be admitted. The present memoirs therefore are very unequal in their style;—where the subject afforded it, they are rich and animated; where the truth was simple and poverty-stricken, the narrative is no less poor and uninteresting;—the more brilliant and stirring scenes in each hero's career shine forth in an exuberance of splendour, while the calm and even tenor of his less active life, the connecting links of his few brilliant deeds, are dull and meagre to a lamentable degree. Under these circumstances, we must be allowed to say that Mr. James is not a good biographer. He seems to take little continuous interest in the personal character of his hero;—actions, not men, are what he chiefly delights in, and distracted by the crowd of surrounding events, he will often lose sight of his subject altogether, till his promised biography assumes more the appearance of a history of the times in which he lived.

Among the best lives in this series are those of Turenne, Gonzalves, the Marquis of Granby, and General Wolfe, (which, considering the paucity of materials on record is a very creditable piece of narrative,) and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; to which last memoir our notice shall now be chiefly confined, and from which our extract, rather a long one, presents an admirable picture of the battle of Blenheim:—

"Marlborough and Eugene at once saw the necessity of risking a battle immediately; and, granting one day's halt to refresh the troops after their long and rapid march, on the 13th of August the allied armies advanced to the battle of Blenheim.

"Prince Eugene commanded the right wing of the allies, and the Duke of Marlborough the left. On the enemy's right was Marshal Tallard, opposed to Marlborough; in the centre appeared the troops of Monsieur de Marsin; and on the left was placed the Elector of Bavaria in face of Prince Eugene. Nothing could have been more advantageous to the French than the nature of the ground, had they occupied it well; but in the outset they fell into several gross errors, which, together with others committed in the course of the battle, neutralized the favourable nature of their circumstances, and gave the laurel to their adversaries. Drawn up at a considerable distance from the rivulet, whose steep banks and marshy sides might have been defended with success, they gave full space for the English and Germans to pass and form. Ten thousand men also were shut up in the village of Blenheim, which might have been defended by a quarter of the number, and the centre was weakened by detachments sent to various hamlets, which could not be defended, and were not likely to be attacked.

"Towards two o'clock in the morning the allied armies began their march, and between five and six were in presence of the enemy, who for some time lay encamped without giving any sign of apprehension. All was calm and still; and though for more than an hour Marlborough halted near the village of Sweenenghen, while troop after troop, battalion after battalion, marched up and took their position on that immortal plain, yet his devoted adversaries by no movement gave notice that they saw the human cloud which was about to pour the storm of battle on their heads. At length the sound of a solitary cannon announced that they were awakened to the approaching contest. The soldiers were seen rushing from their tents, and forming before the camp; while officers and aides-de-camp hurried to and fro in all the bustle of preparation and command.

"A good deal of confusion seems to have occurred in the French arrangements, and by their own accounts of the battle it appears that Marshal Tallard was called to inspect the disposition on the extreme left, at the very moment the English were advancing to attack the right, where he commanded. The operations of the allies commenced by the march of a detachment under Lord Cutts to dislodge a small body of French from two water-mills on the hither side of the rivulet. This was soon effected, and the enemy, after setting fire to the buildings, retired to the rest in Blenheim. In the meantime, Prince Eugene, on the right of the allies, advanced along the woody height which bounds the plain to the east,

while Marlborough marched forward in line to pass the rivulet. A difficulty here presented itself in the marshy nature of the ground, but bridges were soon constructed, and Lord Cutts, having passed with his detachment, kept the troops in Blenheim in check, while the rest of the army advanced and formed on the other bank. This operation was effected without any farther opposition on the part of the enemy than a heavy cannonade, though it is said that Marshal Tallard had left orders to charge the enemy in their passage, which, during his absence, were either forgotten or disobeyed. As soon as a sufficient force had crossed the brook and morass, Marlborough attacked the village of Blenheim, which, however, was so strongly fortified, and so fully garrisoned, that the allies were driven back with great loss. Nearly at the same time the French cavalry made a splendid charge against a large body of the allied horse, who were galled also by a close fire from Blenheim: and thus a considerable part of the left wing was put into confusion, and more than one regiment was driven back beyond the rivulet. At this moment nothing promised the splendid success which crowned the day. On the right Prince Eugene was scarcely yet engaged, from the difficult nature of the ground he had to pass; and in the centre, where Marlborough commanded in person, a body of infantry which first passed the rivulet under the Prince of Holstein, was charged, broken, and almost cut to pieces by the enemy's cavalry, while the prince himself was taken prisoner with several severe wounds, of which he afterwards died. A second body of infantry, supported by some squadrons of horse, met with hardly a better fate, and it was only when Marlborough himself brought up the reserve that the ground was permanently gained, and the enemy forced to retire. The confusion the duke observed on his left now induced him to gallop to that part of the field; but before his arrival, General Bulau, commanding a large body of cavalry, had in turn charged the victorious horse of the enemy, and had driven them in broken disarray almost into Blenheim. Under favour of this success, the regiments which had been driven across the rivulet, re-passed and formed. The enemy were again charged and driven completely over the hill. By this time Marlborough had abandoned all thoughts of forcing the village of Blenheim; but far from abandoning the appearance of attempting it, he kept the infantry who maintained that position in continual employment, by throwing forward platoon after platoon, by which means he completely deceived Marshal Tallard. The French foot were suffered to remain in Blenheim, while the horse of their left were driven back by repeated charges, the only infantry brought to support them cut to pieces, and the day irretrievably lost. When too late Tallard determined to withdraw the troops from Blenheim; and, with the cavalry, which he had rallied behind the original camp, to take up a new position, and to try to recover the advantage. To cover thia manœuvre he sent an aide-de-camp to Marshal de Marsin, to beg him to extend his line to the right of the village of Oberklau, and to occupy the English on that side, while he drew off the forces from Blenheim. De Marsin either could not or would not comply, alleging that his troops had quite sufficient employment in making head against the British centre. In the meanwhile Marshal Tallard in striving to maintain his communication with Blenheim had exposed the right flank of his newly rallied cavalry, and a vigorous charge on the part of the allies decided the fate of that part of the French army. Broken, dispersed, and disheartened, the enemy's horse fled in every direction, some towards the town of Hochstadt, and some towards a bridge over the Danube. Many who could not reach that point were drowned in endeavouring to swim across the river; many were cut down in their flight, and many surrendered. Amongst the latter was Marshal Tallard; and a number of officers of rank followed his example. The body of cavalry which had taken the road towards Hochstadt, rallied before reaching that place, and would probably have returned to the charge had not several of the allied regiments come up, when seeing that the day was lost, it turned again and made good its retreat.

"Every part of the right wing of the French army, except the detached infantry at Blenheim, was now annihilated; and Marlborough instantly checked the pursuit, and prepared to act with his whole cavalry upon the flank of the enemy's centre, under Monsieur de Marsin. But by this time that officer was in full retreat; and, on the right, after a severe struggle, in which the German infantry had supported the whole weight of the strife, the Elector of Bavaria was defeated by Prince Eugene, and forced to abandon his position. His retreat, however, was not a flight; and, joining Marshal de Marsin beyond an extensive morass in the neighbourhood of Hochstadt, he took up a position in which he could safely remain a sufficient length of time to give his troops some repose.

"The triumph of the allies was nevertheless complete. The troops in the village of Blenheim surrendered and were disarmed. Thirteen thousand prisoners, and nearly twenty thousand slain enemies, attested the difficulty of the struggle and the magnitude of the success, while the field of battle, the true gage of victory, remained entirely in the hands of Marlborough and Eugene."

"The first news of this great victory which reached England, was contained in a few lines written in pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket-book by the Duke of Marlborough to his wife, when the enemy were in full flight, but before the pursuit was over. He had then been on horseback for sixteen hours." This interesting document, which was sent by the hands of Colonel Pack, runs as follows:—

"'August 13, 1704.

"'I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the queen, and to let her majesty know that her army has gained a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard, and two other generals, are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aid-de-camp, Colonel Pack, will give her majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another, more at large. MARLBOROUGH.'"

In the memoirs of Prince Eugene, which is a brief but spirited sketch, we have the following account of his conduct on this memorable day:—

"Eugene was here always in the thickest of the fight, yet never for a moment forgot that he was called upon to act as a general rather than a soldier. His operations were planned as clearly and commanded as distinctly, in the midst of the hottest conflict, as if no tumult had raged around him, and no danger had been near to distract his attention: yet his horse was killed under him in the early part of the battle; and, at one moment, a Bavarian dragoon was seen holding him by the coat with one hand, while he levelled a pistol at his head with the other. One of the Imperialists, however, coming up at the moment, freed his general from this unpleasant situation; and Eugene proceeded to issue his orders, without the least sign of discomposure.

"Having given a more detailed account of this great battle in another part of this book, it is necessary to say little more of Eugene's conduct on this occasion than that he seconded Marlborough as Marlborough deserved; but the trait in which the peculiar character of his mind chiefly developed itself, is to be found in the account that he gave of the battle, both to his own court and several other powers. Marlborough is the theme of his whole praise—to Marlborough is attributed the success of the day, and though the army receives its just share of approbation, scarcely a word is found of Prince Eugene."

We conclude with the following able contrast of the characters of Turenne and the great Condé:—

"The characters of Turenne and Condé were as opposite as that of any two great generals can be. Turenne, prudent, cautious, and skilful, was never bold but as an effect of calculation, and avoided difficulties rather than surmounted

them. Condé, bold, ardent. and impetuous, was a great general by nature rather than education, and thought that heaven threw difficulties in his way only that he might triumph in overcoming them. It may easily be seen, therefore, that no two men could be less fitted to act the one under the other. Nothing could have been more painful than for Turenne to be commanded by Condé, except for Condé to have been commanded by Turenne, and yet Turenne served under his great rival without a murmur, aided in his bold projects, and contributed to his success. Such is true greatness."

A YOUNGER SON.

The Adventures of a Younger Son. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

It is some weeks since we have had occasion to notice a genuine sample of the fictitious school of literature, and as this delay, unexampled as it was unexpected, may probably have caused some degree of anxiety in the minds of our fair readers, the above "Younger Son" of the House of Burlington will doubtless be received with a tolerable welcome. We have as yet only read a few disjointed passages of this production, which is hardly to be called a novel, being the bold, reckless, and extravagant adventures of a youth, heartless and headstrong, who, driven from the ungracious home of a tyrannical parent, becomes a wanderer upon the no less ungrateful bosom of the ocean deep; an outcast from the land of his fathers, and a careless depredator upon his fellow men. From what we have seen we are are inclined to hold the writer's powers of nerve and imagination in high estimation, however our better judgment may condemn the bad taste and uncalled-for cruelty of style which creep into almost every feature of his narrative. A tale of blood, or horror, or crime, in which every drop of spilt blood, and every touch of horror, and every crime, is absolutely necessary to the proper conduct and finish of the author's scheme, nobody can find fault with, but when, in the course of a narrative, sufficiently terrible in itself, the narrator takes pleasure to introduce, parenthetically and gratuitously, additional clumsy hackings for the mere sake of the pain they inflict, the effect is revolting, and the author's talents, as well as his taste, are apt to be called in question. Innumerable illustrations of this remark will be found in the course of these "Adventures of a Younger Son," some of the most stirring of which, from their very extravagance, ramble into the extreme of funniness. What shall we say of his amateur leap into the sea, as the simplest escape from his imprisonment "aloft:"—

"The Scotchman, one day, during a heavy sea with little wind, ordered me, in his anger, to go to the extreme end of the top-sail yard-arm, and remain there for four hours. I murmured, but, obliged to comply, up I went; and walking along the yard on the dizzy height, got hold of the top-sail lift, laid myself down between the yard and studding-sail-boom, and pretended to sleep as usual. The lieutenant frequently hailed me, bidding me to keep awake, or I should fall overboard. This repeated caution suggested to me the means of putting an end to this sort of annoyance, by antedating his fears, and falling overboard; not, however, with the idea of drowning, as few in the ship could swim so well as myself. I had seen a man jump from the lower yard in sport, and had determined to try the experiment. Besides, the roll of the ship was in my favour: so, watching my opportunity, when the officers and crew were at their quarters at sunset, I took advantage of a heavy roll of the ship, and dropped on the crest of a monstrous wave. I sunk deep into its bosom, aed the agony of suppressed respiration, after the fall, was horrible. Had I not taken the precaution to maintain my poise, by keeping my hands over my head, preserving an erect posture in my descent, and moving my limbs in the air, I should inevitably have lost my life. As it was, I was insensible to every thing but a swelling sensation in my chest, to bursting; and the frightful conviction of going downwards, with the rapidity of a thunder-bolt, notwithstanding my convulsive struggles to rise, was torture such as it is vain to describe. A death-like torpidness came over me; then I heard a din of voices, and a noise on the sea, and within it, like a hurricane; my head and breast seemed to be splitting. After which, I thought I saw a confused crowd of faces bent over me; and I felt a loathsome sickness. A cold shivering shook my limbs, and I gnashed my teeth, imagining myself still struggling as in the last efforts at escape from drowning. This impression must have continued for a long time. The first circumstance I can distinctly remember was Aston's voice, saysaying—'How are you now?' I tried to speak, but in vain; my lips moved without a word. He told me, I was now safe on board. I looked round; but a sensation of water rushing in my mouth, ears, and nostrils, still made me think I was amidst the waves. For eight and forty hours I suffered inexpressible pain; a thousand times greater, in my restoration to life, than before I lost my recollection."

His next escape is from a hut in an Indian village, which he does with the aid of the fiery element:—

"I now thought it time to remove myself. One wick of the shattered lamp was still burning; with that I lighted some cotton dipped in oil, and fired the house in several places. Its dry and combustible materials rapidly brightened up into a fierce flame. A wild shout from without-side proclaimed the event. I had no time to lose. Amidst the burning and crackling, I precipitated myself from the window, and luckily alighted on the sepoy-halberdier. I was not hurt, but he was. Springing up, I seized his pike, which had fallen from his hand, used it as a quarter-staff and cleared my way, till I gained the shed in which my horse was tethered. I clapped the bit in his mouth; but in the darkness and hurry not finding my saddle, I mounted without it, and took the field.

"Determined on seeing the fire, I turned round on the sepoys and others, who were close at my heels; and putting my spear in the rest, like a knight of old, I dashed full tilt down the narrow lane, broke through them, and spitted one against a small mud temple, well nigh immolating him as an offering to the god Bramah; while my vicious and sacrilegious horse thrust his impious hoofs into the very penetralia of the piscina, a little nich, with a pipkin-bellied idol, and a cudgeree-pot of perfumed rice, which were dashed to atoms. They yelled curses at us,—'Yaoar! Dog!' but, under the dark wing of night, we escaped the missiles which were hurled after us, and we heeded not words. We now sprang into the middle of the crowd gathered before the conflagration, and created much havoc, I came upon them in great wrath, for I had but a little time to stay. The mob fled before me like wild ducks. As old Muckery was busying herself, with a long bamboo, in fishing out her traps, I applied the sharp end of my pike to her, and goaded her into the embers. She grasped a number of flaming bamboos, and, missing me, burnt the horse; upon which he rushed forward, kicking and rearing with ungovernable fury. I could neither stop, nor check him. We cleared the village.

"Away we went as free and fast as the wind. My head became dizzy; and rushing through the fresh air, after a heated room, made me death-like sick. With difficulty I clung to my seat, unassisted by saddle. All around me was darkness and gloom. I crossed a wide jeel, where my sagacious Bucephalus plumped into a ford, and waded and swam to the opposite bank. With my head laid down on his neck, I held on by his long, shaggy mane. As I knew I was receding from the fort, I cared not whither he bore me. Fain would I have pulled up, for I was overcome by a drunken drowsiness, but one of the reins had given way, and my mettled courser speeded on, reeling and floundering, and blowing like a grampus, I know not how long, for I was hardly sensible. He made towards a glimmering light: it belonged to a chokey, and striking there against something, the shock was like that of a ship against a rock. He gave two or three heavy rolls and fell on me,

as I had fallen on the sepoy. I became insensible; and long I must have continued so.

"On opening my eyes, I gazed around with astonishment, and felt as after a trance. A group of people, squatted on their haunches, encircled me. A thin and wizard-visaged old man, with the peeta of a Bramin, seemed mumbling incantations; all I could distinguish was—'*Topee Sahib!*'—'*Ram, ram, ram!*'—and '*Dum, dum, dum!*' A better looking, and better garmented man, with a grisly beard, said nothing but—'*Il Allah!*'

"I tried to sit up, and signed to give me water; they shook their heads. My mouth was glued, I could not speak, and was faint with thirst. I found I was lying on a mat, under the shade of a Bunyan's shop, with verandahs. He came out, on hearing I was alive, and spoke to me in English; no music was ever so harmonious. He brought me a cudgeree-pot of toddy, which revived me; no drink was ever so delicious. Close to me stood a bheestie, gazing and gaping with wonder; a bamboo was poised across his shoulder, supporting two buckets of palmetta-leaf, full of water. He had been entreated by my gestures to let me have some, but he grinned refusal. I now grasped hold of the rim of the bucket, and tilted it over my head. The water smoked on my burning temples; instantly I felt a thrilling sensation of pleasure; and I sat up."

The following sea-skirmish is certainly one of the most spirited we have met with for a considerable time. The buccaneer's vessel is attacked at night by some boats from the shore, the circumstances of which are thus narrated:—

"I warped outside the harbour, and every night at sunset, I hoisted the boats in, and hove short, lying in readiness to move on the instant. On the tenth day after our arrival, one hour after midnight, I observed, by the phosphoric light sparkling on the black surface of the water, something approaching us with unusual rapidity. The hallowing and distant turmoil in the harbour was hushed; the moving lights on the shore had been some time extinguished, but just then I thought I descried some commotion on the pier. As the sound was borne off by the light air from the land, I distinctly heard some one hailing a boat in the port. This was repeated louder and louder. Lights then re-appeared along the beach, and I heard the noise of oars, and spars, and boats, as if moving from amongst others to the shore. The noise growing higher, I turned towards the first object which had caught my attention in the other quarter; and, though all was silent there, I still distinguished the sparkling ripple in the waters, and the long arrowy line of light, such as a shooting star leaves in the heavens, or the wake of a boat darting on a calm sea in this climate. By the muffled sound of oars, and by the long and heavy strokes which De Ruyter had taught the men in his favourite boat, I knew her, and marvelled at her returning before the wonted hour, and at the rapidity with which she approached. The noise in the harbour augmented. My mind misgave me that all was not right. I felt my heart flutter with anxiety of I knew not what. I called the Serang, who was asleep, (the Rais being with the boat,) told him to rouse the men, and, in my impatience, kicked them up myself.

"Ordering them to man the capstan, loose the jib and fore top-sail, and cast off the lashings of the fore and aft main-sail, I returned to the gangway, where, now seeing our boat, I hailed her. Instead of the usual reply of 'Acbar,' a voice answered in a low and suppressed tone, 'Yup! yup!' (silence! silence!) I had been instructed regarding this signal, and rushing to the bow, I seized the axe lying by its side in readiness, then, ordering the jib to be hoisted to pay her round, cut the cable, together with a chip from an Arab's leg, who was standing by it.

"De Ruyter then came forward, and said—'That was right, my boy, in cutting the cable; but be cool,—you have wounded this poor fellow,—send him into the cabin. Clap all the canvas on her instantly. I'll go aft. The blood-hounds have hit on a scent; they think to find us like jungle fowls at roost; but they shall find a panther, and he is never caught sleeping!'

"He sprang aft. We wore slowly round, and as I was cursing the length of her kelstow, and the lightness of the breeze, which made her so tardy in paying round, De Ruyter put his hand on my shoulder, and said—'Arm the men,* * *! but only with their spears. Let no boat come alongside of us, or attempt it. Speak them fair, but if a man puts his hand on the ladder spear him as you would a wild boar. There is no occasion for saltpetre, it makes a noise, and has a bad smell. Harpoon them! but not till I tell you. I must keep back and not be seen. If they question you about De Witt, the merchant, say you know him not.'

"Two boats were approaching, and the foremost hailed us with—'Grab, ahoy!' I answered. They commanded me to heave to, as they wished to see the captain. I ordered the serang to let the mainsail fall, and loose the top-gallant sails, and replied—'We are going to sea. I have got my port clearances, and ship's papers, all regularly signed at the proper offices. I can't lose this breeze. What do you want?'

"'Heave to, sir, instantly, or we shall fire!'

"'You had better not,' I said.

"We had not yet got weigh enough on her to distance the first boat, which belonged to the captain of the port. De Ruyter ordered the men to lie down on deck. He stood at the helm. He was just calling to me to keep under cover, when, with a flash of light from the boat, a ball whizzed by my head, and went into the mast. In obedience to De Ruyter's orders, I did not return it, much against my inclination. Soon after, as the boat was shooting up to board us on the gangway, De Ruyter, bearing away, brought them under the lee quarter. Not being able to board us there, they lost some time, by falling astern, before they could re-use their oars. In this way (the breeze now freshening a little,) we kept them off some time, during which not a word was spoken. De Ruyter remained at the helm, and I, with a party of men, stood ready, all armed with spears, to prevent their boarding us. The other boat was nearing us, and both had fired many musquets; but we, sheltered by the bulk-heads of the deep waist, were untouched. The foremost boat now got hold of the lee chains, and they were very cooly coming on board. De Ruyter said—'Cheelo, chae!' (Advance, boys!) when we thrust our spears through the port-holes, and three or four, with their leader, fell back, spitted, into the boat, yelling with pain. Notwithstanding an officer's commanding them to hold on, they would not; but as the other boat was coming up under the stern, I cast off one of the after guns, ran it out of the stern port, and hailing both the boats, I said—'If you pull another stroke in our wake, or play your fire-works off under our stern, you shall hear the roar of this brazen serpent. Command where you have power to enforce obedience; you have none here.'

"I blew the cotton match; they saw the bright brass muzzle of the gun depressed to a line with the boat, when I could have blown them to pieces. They lay on their oars; and their oaths and threats, mingled with the rippling of the waves, died away, while we, crowded with sail, majestically receded from the port, and beheld them returning from their bootless expedition to the shore."

Our next and last extract presents our hero in a new and, if not more gállant, at least more gallánt light. There is a sameness, a want of delicacy, and a boyishness of exuberance in some of the following details which—our readers may admire if they please!

"The cabin-door was opened by a little Malayan slave girl, from the coast of Malabar, whom I had sent as my first gift, and I entered. The lady-mine was seated cross-legged on a low couch, so shrouded and enveloped in white drapery, the mourning of her country, that I could distinguish nothing of those wondrous beauties the old Arab women had talked of. On my entrance I thought her one of those marble figures I had heard of in Egyptian temples; but I found she was alive. Her feet were bare; she rose

and placed them in embroidered slippers, which lay on the deck of the cabin; she took my hand, put it to her forehead, then to her lips; I entreated her to be seated. She resumed her position, and remained motionless, her arms drooping listlessly down; her little rosy feet nestled under her, like tiny birds under the mother's wing. Her hair, the only part now visible, covered her like a jet black cloud. I had felt the pressure of her tremulous lips; and imagination, or perhaps some faint outline which fancy had left graved on my hand, pictured her mouth exquisitely soft and small—(I loathe a large and hard one;) and I think now, this silent pressure wove the first link of that diamond chain which time nor use could ever break or wear away. I seemed entranced. We both sat silent; and I felt it a relief when the old Arab women returned with coffee, and mangastene, and guava jelly. She again rose, which I would have prevented, but the old woman signed me to sit still. She took a minute cup, in a filagree silver stand, and presented it to me. I was so intently gazing on her tapering, delicately formed fingers, that I upset the coffee, and, putting the cup to my mouth, was going to swallow that—which, indeed, as it was not bigger than the spicy shell of mace that holds the nutmeg, I might have done without choking. The old woman told me afterwards this was a bad omen. She then presented the conserves, and returning the stand to the woman, resumed her seat. Taking from my hand a ring of gold, with an Arabic inscription, and hooped with two circles of camel's hair, the same her expiring father had placed on my finger, I held it towards her. The low and suppressed moans she made on my entrance broke out into sobs, so violent that I could see her loose vest agitated by the beating of her heart. I was about to remove this object, which awakened such painful remembrances, when she grasped it, pressed it to her lips, and wept over it some time. The woman then said something to her; and, without the guidance of her eyes, she again put forth her tapering little fingers, and replaced the ring. It was, indeed, the antique signet of her father's tribe; and, like the seal of princes, it made right wrong, or wrong right, and gave, and took away, and made and unmade laws, obeying the will of its wearer. She put it on the fore-finger of my right hand, and again pressed my hand to her head and lips. Upon this I took a ring I had selected from De Ruyter's store of baubles; it was a deep ruby, of the shape and size of a wild grape, hooped and massy with virgin gold, and, by its size, seemed to have been worn by a fairy. Gently disengaging her hand from the drapery, as it lay motionless by her side, I placed this ring on the fore-finger of her right hand."

The puffs and paragraphic criticisms, which have been ingenious and numerous, inform us that the above work is the production of Mr. Trelawney, a gentleman celebrated for his continental connection with the name of Byron and others.

CHOLERA.

Observations on the Pestilential Cholera, as it appeared at Sunderland in the Months of November and December, 1831; and on the Measures taken for its Prevention and Cure. By W. Ainsworth, Esq. Ebers and Co.

We cannot sufficiently reprobate the dishonest and cowardly policy of those, who in a time already sufficiently clouded with trouble and crime,—and when shall we find the world free from such?—would fan the flame, and affright the land with additional and uncalled-for alarms. There is no tool so base, so unworthy, but it will find hands equally base and unworthy to wield it in the favourable season; no cause so disgraceful, but may serve the ends of men similarly contemptible; no state of misery or calamity so great, but *some* may fatten upon it. The cry of "Cholera Morbus" has lately been echoed and bandied about with industrious alacrity, accompanied with expressions calculated to raise alarm in weak and foolish minds.—"Awful crisis,"—"national visitation,"—"pestilential monster,"—and other terrors equally frightful, have become familiar to our ears, till the thinking part of the community are filled with contempt; and those who are too weak or too credulous to investigate the causes of their alarm, sink beneath the influence of some unseen avenger, and, preparing for the momentary visitation of death in all his *described* terrors, resign themselves unto the tender mercies of some mercenary quack, who excites the very fever he is unable to allay, by the announcement that *fear* is the proximate cause of the disorder!

We have been led to these remarks, which some may call overdrawn and extravagant, but which, as applied to the body popular *en masse*, we think come pretty near the truth, from the bustle and anxiety which have manifested themselves in a portion of our medical profession since the topic of Cholera began to be talked about, but especially since the arrival of the plague within the regions of the metropolis has brought the terror, with all its concomitant evils, nearer to men's bosoms and homes. What has excited these medical worthies to the disinterested hubbub we allude to we will not stop to inquire; doubtless they all have reasons, which they are prepared to reconcile to their respective consciences; but, as lookers-on, we would delicately hint to them the propriety of reserving their *gratuitous* energies for the time of action, watching in silence the approach of the enemy, and bearing in continual remembrance their own doctrine—that fear is the beginning of the disease.

With this premise we proceed to the examination of the book now offered by Mr. Ainsworth, a gentleman of considerable literary and poetic talent, who has lately deserted the service of the Muses for the more profitable trade of medicine, and visited the town and neighbourhood of Sunderland during the raging of the disorder, for the purpose of forming his own opinion as to its nature and mode of treatment. His book is decidedly the best written work which has appeared upon the subject; and if it were a little less given to the alarmist style of address, we should unhesitatingly recommend it to general perusal. As it is, we take some extracts, beginning with a passage in the historical account of the disease:—

"The history of cholera, or *Asphyxia pestilenta*, is that of a disease which, whether springing from the addition of new characters to a malady which has long afflicted a certain portion of the human race, or arising from new modifications established in the chemical relations of man and matter, presenting a malady *sui generis*, with new symptoms and new laws of propagation, has nevertheless originated under the observation of the present generation—spread rapidly over the populous country where it first made its appearance—traversed the ocean to distant countries, to the east and to the west—crossed the arid deserts of central Asia—penetrated the rocky barrier which separates that continent from Europe—and reached its furthermost isles, without leaving in this progress a single breach which required filling up, to mark that its dissemination was not progressive and defined. This propagation was independent of laws which belong to astronomical science; for it followed neither the same isothermal, isotheric, or isochemenic lines; it followed no magnetic curve of similar variation or intensity; nor has there, during its prevalence, been any eccentricities in the motions of the heavenly bodies. It was equally independent of laws which regulate the constitution and phenomena of the atmosphere; for it travelled in all seasons, and was accompanied by no change in the chemical nature of the air: it spread with, or in opposition to, the winds, and existed during the prevalence of winds from all quarters. The human constitution is rendered more susceptible by, but the pestilence has shown itself independent of, all atmospherical influences, whether of humidity or of rarefaction. It extended its baneful influence from marshes to deserts, and from ill-ventilated towns to the hut on the mountain. Its propagation has always been independent of terrestrial influenee, for it existed when the gaseous exhalations could not have been the same; on cultivated and uncul-

tivated lands, on every variety of soil, of vegetable covering, and of geognostic formation, on pasture and on forest, on sand and on rock, in cities and on the sea. But in this remarkable progress of the pestilence, from the Delta of the Ganges to the remote districts of China, the islands of Australia, and the civilized and prosperous countries of the West, it has observed one universal law—that of following the great roads of the communication of mankind. It did not suddenly and unaccountably make its appearance at Jessore, at Timor, at Pesth, and at Sunderland; but when there was sea there was communication, and when there was land it marked its progress so distinctly, that the line of its course has been traced upon a map, as if the personification of a pestilence had been travelling over the different countries of Europe and Asia, leaving the mark of his finger behind him. It is quite another consideration, whether atmospherical vicissitudes, or disadvantages of geographical or local position, exercise any influence upon the spreading of the malady after it has once established itself in a place.

Mr. Ainsworth treats at length the question as to the contagious or epidemical character of the malady. The following cases he gives as facts, though we would yet have our readers use their own judgment as to the probable extent of their implicit correctness; they would do well also to contrast these particulars with a host of statements directly to the contrary effect, made by Dr. J. Gilchrist, in a long communication to the *Times* of Wednesday last. Both sides may be right, but if so, it proves the absurdity of drawing general conclusions from isolated facts on a disorder of the nature of which, as yet so little is ascertained :—

"Few cases of communication by objects of dress came under my notice; but they were so striking, that they at once brought conviction to my mind. The mother of Mr. Embleton, one of the surgeons of Sunderland, whose practice lay most among the patients afflicted by the pestilential disease, took the disease and died. The washerwoman of the family was Louisa Woodhall, a woman of forty-two years of age, who lived in the upper part of the town, in an airy situation. Mr. Embleton's clothes were sent to the washerwoman's; and there being much on hand at the moment, they were thrown beneath the bed occupied by herself, her husband, and a young child. The child was first attacked by the disease, and fell a victim to it. Mrs. Woodhall was taken ill on the 19th of December, and died after an illness of thirteen hours. George Woodhall was taken ill during the removal of his wife's body, though he had complained of no previous indisposition, and died after twenty-four hours' illness. The disease, it was currently believed, was taken to the poorhouse by a large easy chair, which had been provided, and was used to carry patients from their homes to the hospital, and which in the evening was taken to the poorhouse. Mr. Kennedy, whose important labours on this malignant disease are so well known and so deservedly appreciated, relates a case in which the disease was first taken to Gateshead by a woman of the name of Hindmarsh, who had visited the Sandgate, the district of Newcastle where the disease prevailed most at that time, and was herself taken ill, and died the next day. Her husband left the house where she died, and was admitted, after being purified, into another lodging. His box, however, was neglected to be purified, and was placed by the side of the bed in which himself and some other inmates of the house slept. The consequences were the dissemination of the disease in the house, of which several persons were the victims. One young man went to South Shields, after being infected by the disease, and died shortly after his arrival there.

"The communicability of the disorder from the connexion with the dead is also supported by some very satisfactory proofs, but does not admit of our placing the confidence we do in the other general infectious characters of the disease, from the liability those who come into the vicinity of the dead are also in of coming in contact with the morbid effluvia of garments or other objects. It became latterly an opinion so generally received in Sunderland, that the greatest precautions were enforced. Bodies were not allowed to be kept more than twelve hours; and a separate piece of ground was allotted for their reception. The funeral service was not read in the church, and the coffins were not allowed to be carried shoulder high. In Sunderland, three different under-bearers of three different diseased bodies fell victims in succession to the disease, within twelve hours after the bodies were buried; and on the 8th December, Mr. J. Browell, the master-undertaker for the parish burials, fell a victim to the disease. When the first case of the malady occurred at Penshaw, the joiner of the village was employed to make the coffin, and assisted in nailing up the corpse, and he fell a victim to the disease. William Thomson, it is averred, had no communication with persons labouring under the disease, but the day before his illness had been watching the inhumation of the dead—always a source of mournful interest in a town ravaged by a pestilence. Mr. Kennedy also relates the following case of communication after death: Some time ago a woman died of cholera, in a place called Washington, about six or seven miles from Sunderland. Two men, who attended the funeral of this woman, were soon afterwarde seized; one died, and the other recovered. The mother of the individual who died resided in Gateshead-fell, a lofty and airy situation, and she insisted upon having her son's body brought home to the fell, in order that it might lie in her house for the usual period preparatory to interment. The body was accordingly brought home, and with it the clothes of the deceased. From the house which received the body, as from a focus, the disease is said to have spread to the houses in the immediate vicinity.

"It will be at once perceived, then, that this discussion of positive facts negatives the misrepresentations of those who are blinded by prejudice, and corrects the errors of those who have been misled in their judgment. Statements are made in opposition to the infectious nature of the disease, which are silenced by a single fact (?), and yet we see them daily repeated. Thus, it is asserted that the malady is only infectious while the same atmosphere which gave the person the disease remains around him. But if a person becomes infected, and travels several miles, carrying infection with him, would it be asserted, that he bears the same atmosphere, like a halo, around him? It has been stated, with the same carelessness of facts, that the disease was epidemical. Was there ever a case of *Asphyxia pestilenta* in a dungeon or a light-house? If an epidemic influence were abroad, the chances of infection would be the same by the bedside or on the town-steeple. But were these the phenomena of the disease? The immunity of the many, which is the great consideration with Mr. Searle, Bell, Lefevre, and other observers, does not disprove the fact, though it throws light upon the characters of the pestilence, just as much as when its fury was developed in Christmas week in Gateshead. Were the causes to be sought for in the air, or in the dissipation of the individuals? And is the safety of medical attendants to be explained by denying the infectious nature of the disease, or by ascertaining if they do not, by their habits of thought and regularity of life, oppose a vital energy to the poison of disease, which does not exist in those whom they see the victims of a pestilence around them?

One more extract must suffice;—it is one containing some good practical and seasonable advice :—

"When an infectious disease visits a house, whoever is not bound by the ties of humanity or relationship to give their care to the afflicted, should remove; and when those are dead or recovered who required their attentions, whenever in their power they should get away into the country for a short time. Could I have succeeded in making some poor people follow my advice on this subject in Sunderland, I could have saved several lives. Medical men should make themselves gradually ac-

quainted with the disease; and if, in the course of their practice, they feel unnerved, they should relax for a time. The *air* should be renewed as often as possible, whatever is the situation of the individual. Free ventilation is as necessary to health as air itself is for the burning of a candle. The *temperature* is a matter of importance: high temperatures generate moisture, which, besides that vapour must have a greater capability of retaining and transmitting noxious particles, is generally unwholesome to the human frame. Heat relaxes the solids; and though the body should be kept warm, artificial means of producing that warmth should be as seldom resorted to as possible. Cold to a healthy person is always bracing, and hence the superiority of northern nations. It would be curious to see a vigorous sportsman, who does not resort to drams, attacked by the cholera! Great cold is hurtful, but that probably to a very slight degree, unless extreme, or combined with *wet*. *Dress* must always be attended to; a flannel belt should be worn in the day-time round the waist, covering the pit of the stomach and part of the belly. It should be abandoned at night-time, on account of the debilitating effects of copious perspiration. It will be a great act of charity to furnish flannel petticoats to poor females, and provide blankets for children.

"The internal relations of man or woman to disease are mental and bodily. We cannot provide against depression of spirits or grief; but I could point out many cases where a cheerful devotion to a dangerous duty—where the exercise of the higher feelings of benevolence and humanity—and where, in another class, the determined energy and activity of thought necessary to combat a malignant pestilence, have, by the influence of the mind on the body, more effectually shielded individuals from morbid influences, than the most cautious preparations to avoid their proximity, or annihilate their poisonous action. Bodily and mental exertion are both useful,—they engage the mind, they invigorate the body, and engender health, bringing with them a light heart and gay disposition. Eating, at least the quantity, or mode, or nature, should never be thought about; the very consideration whether such and such a thing will disagree with us, breeds *malaise* and indigestion. Care should be taken not to load the stomach with crudities; but when should not that care be taken? I am now writing for people supposed to possess some judgment. I had no idea that some persons swallow, like carnivorous animals, pieces of meat two or three inches in length; I would therefore have all servants quietly recommended to chew their food. In reading books on cholera, study results, but do not peruse the cases from the mere interest which they excite.

From this last passage Mr. Ainsworth appears to be fully aware of the baneful influence of over-anxiety and fear, we hope our readers will follow his advice, and, after taking every reasonable precaution, keep up their spirits and their health as long as they may, awaiting in cheerfulness, or rather forgetting altogether,—the threatened troubles of 1832.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

The Records of a Good Man's Life. By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, author of "May you Like it," &c. 2 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

The "Records of the Good Man's Life" are, properly speaking, confined to the first of these volumes, the second being occupied by a series of disconnected tales, historical and moral. The title-page tells the story,—at least, its material details may be easily imagined as complete as we could relate them. There is a deep moral and devotional feeling running through the whole; Mr. Tayler aiming at presenting, what he conceives to be the truest picture of a really good man,—one who does every thing conscientiously, and can find authorities from scripture for each action of his life. Some may allege that this laudable design is carried sometimes to too great an extreme in the minutiæ of every day occurrence, but that is a question we will not touch upon.

The following account of the good curate, Mr. Singleton's first arrival at his cure, after ordination, will give a favourable specimen of the style in which the narrative is conducted:—

"And now the anxieties of my examinations and ordination are past. With what a rejoicing spirit did I quit the smoke, and the gloom, and the bustle of the town of C——, and the inn, where I remained during the week, and took my way through scenes of pastoral loveliness at the sweetest season of the year! I threw down the windows of the chaise and leaned forward, that the fresh and balmy breath of morning might blow over my yet heated face and brow. The trees were fully clothed with their light but luxuriant foliage, then steeped with crystal dew The fields on either side were spread with verdure of the deepest emerald green. Roses and all the common garden flowers of early summer were blowing in the cottage gardens by the road side, and the doors and windows of every humble dwelling were standing open—all open—it seemed to admit as much of the soft air and pleasant sunshine as possible. In one place the road crossed over the shallow ford of the river A——, where little shoals of minnows fled merrily away in every direction as we passed; while farther down the river, where the azure of the sky was calmly mirrored in the stream, a herd of cows stood motionless in the middle of the clear cold waters. These are but trifling observations; but I love to pause among them, and to return to that happy, cheerful morning. During my long and pleasant drive, I had leisure to reflect upon the happiness and upon the goodness of Him who had so graciously heard my prayers and accepted me as his minister.

"I dined at a little country inn, for my journey was chiefly across a part of the country where there is no high road. At the beginning of a fine glowing evening I reached my secluded village, then seen for the first time. I cannot say with what a deep and tender emotion I looked round upon the cottages of my flock, and felt an interest rise in my heart for them. All unknown as they then were, I came to pass, perhaps, many years among them; to bring the message of their Saviour's love and free salvation to them; to share in their troubles and their joys; to present their young and helpless infants at the baptismal font, praying there that a death unto sin, a new birth unto righteousness, might be accomplished in them; to pronounce the blessing of the eternal Godhead over the bride and bridegroom; to kneel beside the bed of the dying; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; and, (ah! how fervently I prayed that I might be enabled to do so!) to keep myself unspotted from the world.

"I soon beheld the grey tower of my church, then gilded with a broad flood of sunshine; and farther on, half hidden by the fine old trees which form so useful a screen from the north-east winds, a low and venerable dwelling, built perchance when those ancient tress were planted. A slight female form was standing near the porch, busily employed in binding up the waving tassels of a luxuriant honeysuckle, which spread half over the projecting gable of the house. As the chaise stopped at the gate, a dear and well-known face was turned towards me, and in a moment my darling sister was in my arms."

Mr. Tayler's writing is chaste and polished, with a slight tinge of the quaint simplicity of olden times, which occasionally smacks of insipidity. The following dialogue, however, being the opening scene to the story of "Anne of Cleves" is kept up with spirit and good taste:—

"'Your highness must be tired of this long sitting,' said the painter, laying down his pallet and brushes, and making a low obeisance to the Lady Anne; 'but never,' he continued, 'have I found a lady so patient and considerate as yourself under the wearisome restraint which painters must impose.' 'In truth, good master Holbein,' replied the lady, with a good humoured smile, 'the restraint is rather a pleasant entertainment to me. You have been in many countries, and have a blunt but lively manner of describing the ways of foreign courts. I will not conceal from

you, that I am half angry to find you finishing that portrait so speedily; I would fain have heard somewhat more of the stately court of London, of the king, and the nobles there. However, our pleasant parleys are over, and you no doubt will be many leagues on your journey to the court of Henry of England before this hour to-morrow. Come forward, ladies,' said the princess, addressing herself to several of her attendants, 'pass your opinion on the picture before I see it. Fear not to discompose good master Holbein; he is too perfect in his art to mind a woman's censure; and, having finished his work, no remark of ours would prompt his humour or his pencil to desire or effect a change.' A young and simpering dame came forward first, mincing in her steps, and tossing back her head, and looked upon the portrait with half-closed eyes, and then she vowed and wished there was but half the truth in the tongues of other men, as in the pencil of good master Holbein; and then she wondered to herself to find so fair and so exact a counterpart of her most fair and gracious mistress; and then another and another came, and all agreed that the portrait was wondrous like. Some were mere flatterers; and some, from simple love to their kind mistress, were pleased to find so bright a picture of a face they loved. 'I differ from you all,' said the Princess Anne, who had now risen from her chair, and stood before the picture. 'I tell you honestly, master Holbein, that you may be a wondrous fine limner, and a man of genius in your art, but with your pencil you are a mere courtier. I had hoped, from your bluff downright speech, that you were made of better stuff; but you are like the rest about king's houses, a most egregious flatterer. Look you here. See what a fair and comely damsel! Nature must set to work afresh to make this ill-favoured face and form of mine like you bright limning. I have been used to a very different portraiture when I have looked upon myself. Stand beside me, opposite this mirror,' said the lady, motioning the painter to one of the large pier-glasses which adorned the walls of the saloon. 'Here, master Holbein, here is the true picture, and here I look in vain for the soft and rose-like bloom of yonder cheek; nor could I bite my lips to such a dainty red as you have given me; methinks those eyes in shape and lustre are very different from mine; in short, I am plain and awkward, and built by nature like a serving wench, while you have made me fair and delicate enough for what I may perchance be destined to become, a monarch's queen.' 'No art of man, my Lady Anne of Cleves,' replied the painter, half out of humour with her downright and plain-spoken honesty, 'no art of man could ever match with the poorest specimen of that great master-hand, who not only moulded the human frame into such excellent proportion, but breathed the spirit of god-like life and animation into———.' But here he suddenly broke off his speech, feeling, perhaps, that he was both by nature and by habit too unskilled to maintain any argument by the mere trickery of glozing and specious words; besides, he could not choose but feel in his heart a slight conviction that the Lady Anne was right, and that he had rather obeyed the Lord Cromwell's commands than the promptings of his own eye and hand. Therefore he bluntly stopped his ears to the words which were visibly trembling on the lips of the lady; and ere she could give them utterence, he said; 'By the permission of your higness I take my leave forthwith, to seek on audience of the duke, your father, and then will on to England with all reasonable speed.' 'Go, if you please, good master,' replied the lady; 'but take this as my parting charge and counsel. If you bear that fresh and graceful limning to the English Henry, go with it yourself, and tell him with an honest tongue that she who sat for it is but a homely body.'"

Mr. Tayler has thought proper to introduce his portrait as the frontispiece to the first volume, an act of respect, which in all kindness and modesty he might have left to the care of those friends to whom doubtless it would have been a gratification.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

The Georgian Era. Vol. I. Vizetelly, Branston and Co.

THIS is a smart, cleverly conceived volume, the first of four, of which the series is to consist. It is embellished with a hundred and fifty little wood-cut heads, strung like onions, by dozens on a page, and comprises memoirs of a vast number of individuals under the various classes of "Royal Family, Pretenders and their adherents, Churchmen, Dissenters, and Statesmen." The subsequent volumes being intended to embrace the remaining illustrious characters that have flourished under the four Georges, similarly classed. The following brief extract gives a lively picture of the rich materials these volumes may comprehend:—

"In comparison with the Elizabeth, or Modern Augustan Age, (as the reign of Anne has been designated,) that which may be appropriately termed the Georgian Era possesses a paramount claim to notice; for not only has it been equally fertile in conspicuous characters, and more prolific of great events, but its influence is actually felt by the existing community of Great Britain. It is rendered memorable by the accession of a new family to the throne; by the intrigues and daring exploits, the final discomfiture, romantic adventures, and great sufferings, of the Pretenders and their adherents; by the revolt of the American colonies, and the foundation of a mighty empire in the East; by the awful struggles of this country with nearly all the nations of Europe, and the domestic excitement produced by the Franch revolution; by the mutiny of the fleet,—the rebellion in Ireland,—and the alarm of an invasion; by the dazzling career of Napoleon, his final overthrow at Waterloo, and the capture of Paris; by the military achievements of Granby, Wolfe, Elliott, Coote, Albemarle, Clive, Lake, Cornwallis, Abercromby, Wellington, Moore, Anglesea, Hill, and other distinguished commanders; by the naval victories obtained by Rodney, St. Vincent, Howe, Hawke, Duncan, Hood, and Nelson; by the successful labours of Cook, Anson, Carteret, Bruce, and other voyagers and travellers, and the spirited endeavours made to find a north-west passage; by the astonishing advance of science in all its branches; by the discovery of vaccination; by extraordinary improvements in manufactures,—the vast extension of commerce,—the increased spirit of speculation,—the fluctuations of public credit,—the South-sea scheme, and the bubble companies of 1825; by controversies of singular interest among the dignitaries of the Established Church, and the important foundation of Methodism; by political contests of almost unprecedented bitterness, many of them marked by the circumstance of the heir-apparent supporting the opposition; by the close imprisonment of one Queen consort, and the introduction of a bill of pains and penalties against another; by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts,—the emancipation of the Catholics, and the strenuous exertions made to obtain a change in the representation of the people; by the number of masterly productions in literature and the arts, and by the rapid advancement of general knowledge."

The memoirs are generally respectably compiled,—some claiming the higher merit of originality; the opinions and summaries appear to be impartially given, and the whole volume is of a creditable and useful character.

The Mind, and other Poems. By Charles Swain. Second Edition. Simpkin and Marshall.

A PORTION of this poem appeared, we are informed, under the title of "The Beauties of the Mind, a Poetical Sketch," which has since received several alterations, and been considerably enlarged. "The present title," the author continues, "is adopted in preference to the former one, as being more comprehensive and more appropriate to the altered form of the poem; yet, so fertile and inexhaustible is the subject, that it may still be very justly termed 'a poetical sketch.'"

Such is the very modest preface to a

poem of considerable merit and interest, well conceived, judiciously planned, and full of elegant imagery and thought. "The Mind" is here divided into two parts, and occupies but a trifling portion of the volume; the other pieces, some of which have already appeared in one or two periodicals, being generally recommended by their variety and prettiness. We extract one entitled—

"THE DYING MINSTREL.

"I hear thee, solemn Death!—
Thy deep, dark whispering voice is in my heart;
There is a warning breath,
Which tells me, with the night I must depart.

"And is my fate so nigh—
Are all the hopes, the feelings, cherished long,
Thus in their spring to die,
With the expiring music of my song!

"Youth's glowing leaves—are all
To wither in the winter of the tomb—
Its idols doomed to fall—
Its stars to set in dim, mysterious gloom?

"Is there no single ray
That lit the visions of departed hours,
To smile upon my way,
And braid the path of death with some few flowers?

"Thou, too, my mother Earth,
Whose silent woods, and mountain-streams have grown
A passion from my birth,
I leave thee—soon the grave will take its own!

"Never again to hail
Thy summer sunset in the deep blue sky;
Ere then—the moonbeam pale
Will light the lonely church-yard where I lie.

"The brook, as wont, will shine—
The lilac-bower perfume our favourite spot—
And roses gaily twine—
When I—am in my quiet shroud forgot.

"Thou lute, thou friendly lute—
Whose chords have been the echo of my heart—
Henceforth thou must be mute
To touch of mine—I leave thee—we must part!

"My last notes linger yet,
Like twilight o'er thy strings to fade in eve;—
Or lovers that have met
In most unhappy hour to muse and grieve!

"Thus murmuring faint and low,—
Like sunless waters to a viewless shore,—
Thy last sad echoes go—
Never on earth to be remembered more!"

The work is handsomely printed, and embellished with a beautiful vignette, engraved after a design by the late Henry Liverseege, an artist of rare ability, whose death the world of letters and taste has been recently called upon ta lament.

AKENSIDE PAPERS.

On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside: with some Account of his Friends. By Charles Bucke. Cochrane and Co.

THIS is a little volume ingenuously made up of nothing, at least so it appears from the account the author gives of his labours. Mr. Bucke has "always esteemed the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the finest didactic poem in our language," an opinion which some critics might feel inclined to call in question. "It was with no small pleasure," he continues, "that I accidentally discovered, some time since, a few MS. notes of Akenside, at the British Museum;" and the discovery of those valuable documents was the cause, we suppose, as indeed they appear to be the staple material, of the publication before us. Mr. Bucke confesses, however, that "these notes are not very important," and here he is right, for of all "papers" they are the briefest, and most void of interest; yet, being so very unimportant, they led our author to regret, that all the accounts we have of this great poet, should be equally "meagre and deficient." With this inviting field before him, and these incentives to exertion, he writes his book, with the assistance of "two gentlemen who had formerly been intimately acquainted" with the poet, but of whose reminiscences we can discover no traces more "important" than the notes above mentioned.

It is really lamentable to see a man of genius and industry, as Mr. Bucke unquestionably is, thus throwing away his time, his talents, and his money, upon a subject, which, by his own showing, is so barren and unprofitable; we can make all allowance for the fellow sympathy of a poetic mind, wishing to draw from unmerited, but hopeless obscurity, a brother poet, of whose genius he is an humble and ardent admirer; but we cannot hold out a hope, that the public will "thank him for what little he has been able to collect of this eminent person."

There are some well written and elegant remarks upon the "writings" of Akenside, which will doubtless be read with interest, but the "account of his friends," which, with their correspondence, occupy a very large portion of this volume, is one unrelieved batch of twaddle.

Mr. Bucke's search after documents in furtherence of his beloved object was wide and industrious; see the success it met with! He writes to the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, from whom he receives the following answers:—

"'Royal College of Surgeons,
Oct. 17, 1831.

"'Sir,—In reply to your letter of yesterday I have to acquaint you that I do not find, among the papers preserved at this college, any MSS. or memoranda whatever, relating to Dr. Akenside. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, EDMUND BELFOUR.'"

"'College of Physicians, Oct. 2, 1831.

"'Sir,—I am requested by Sir Henry Halford, President of the Royal College of Physicians, to inform you that there are no MSS. or other papers relating to Dr. Akenside, to be found in the college library; and to assure you, that had there been any such, every facility of access to them would have been readily afforded to you. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"'FRANCIS HAWKINS, M. D.
"'To Charles Bucke, Esq.'"

At page 207 we are informed that, "the whole correspondence of Akenside with Mr. Dyson, if preserved, would have been, doubtless, a high treat to the intellectual reader," but Mr. Bucke having written to a son of that gentleman, is favoured with the following most filial and philosophically argued denial:—

"'Newgrove, Petworth, Oct. 7, 1831.

"'Sir,—I received yesterday from my son your letter, requesting "to be informed whether Dr. Akenside had left any papers, that could be interesting to his 'numerous appreciators and admirers.'"

"'I have only some letters from him to my father, in the early period of their friendship, (from 1742 to 1745,) which I looked at yesterday evening. There are passages in them which show the warmth of his heart, the extent of his classical knowledge, and the highness of his mind. But I doubt whether they would now interest the public; and *as my father never communicated them to any editor of his friend's life, you will think me justified in following his example. (!)* With every acknowledgment of the terms in which you speak of my father, I remain, sir, your obedient servant, J. DYSON.

"'Charles Bucke, Esq.'"

In fact, the whole book is a chapter of misfortunes and accidents in which we heartily commiserate with their originator and sufferer. Some of Mr. Bucke's criticisms, however, we shall find an early opportunity to extract.

THE GERMAN PRINCE.

Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the Years 1826, 1827, *and* 1828, *&c. in a Series of Letters.* By a German Prince. Vol. 3. Effingham Wilson.

OUR friend, Prince Pucklau Muskau, comes to us so late this week, that we can do no more than briefly acknowledge his safe arrival, and promise ourselves "a further acquaintance" with him before our next publication. The translator's preface gives the following errata, which, if they comprise *all* the errors of fact in a

work of such various kind, speak highly to its general correctness :—

"Since it has been suggested that I ought not to suffer several gross though, (as I think,) unimportant errors to pass unnoticed, as if I were not aware of them, I mention the most conspicuous. The author says the Royal Exchange was built by Charles II. instead of by Sir Thomas Gresham ;—that the piece of water at Blenheim covers eight hundred, whereas I am told it covers two hundred and fifty;—he calls the great Warwick, Beauchamp and Neville :— alluding to Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth,' he calls Varney, Vernon; and he lays the scene of Varney's murder of his wife at Kenilworth, instead of at Clumber. There may be more such mistakes for aught I know."

This volume is preceded by a portrait of "the supposed author," a fierce, handsome-looking young man, with a collection of stars and "orders."

I. O. N.

Love Poem of Six Hundred and Twenty Lines, ending in I. O. N.—*(fourth and last portion.)*

GARDENERS.

Your gardeners have hirculation,
And, doctor-like, inoculation.
Oft they proceed to mutilation,
And mortally hate sideration,
But take delight in abnodation,
Or, if you please, in defalcation.
Love flow'rs whose colour is carnation,
Well understand interlucation,
And so they do decortication,
How to improve a new plantation,
And what is proper for ovation,
What season's fit for semination,
And which is best for sarculation.
And having finish'd transplantation,
Boasting their skill ia vegetation,
Taking delight in variegation,
Greatly rejoice at germination,
Are well content with a vacation,
After performing stereolation.

BUILDERS.

Your builders with their mensuration,
Who practice oft pallification,
Employ'd about concameration,
Are also vers'd in contignation,
As likewise skill'd in concentration,
Perform work sometimes by cavation,
And also by exacuation,
Operate by graticulation,
Are valued much for exornation,
Prepare their work for incrustation,
As hens lay eggs for incubation.

ASTROLOGERS.

Astrologers have divination,
Duping young fools by incantation,
A sort of damn'd infatuation,
And by a false prognostication,
Stimulate oafs to propagation.

ASTRONOMERS.

Astronomers have their equation,
Together with their elongation,
They understand a corruscation,
And so they do a declination.
Then they descant on emanation,
Boasting iheir skill in decussation,
And can describe a fulguration,
The nature know of gravitation,
And where the gods have habitation.
Each star know by enumeration,
They tell you sometimes a lunation,
May be the cause of inundation,
Next they have their interculation,
And oft discourse of reclination,
Which is no more than recurvation,
Both near allied to incurvation.
Now shall you hear of scintillation,
Next, if you please, of radiation,
Of both the true signification,
Lastly of all of verberation.

MUSIC.

Music sounds sweet by duplication,
And is a sort of fascination.
Causing the highest exultation,
Perform'd with proper modulation,
And well observing syncopation,
Which strikes harmonious vibration.
The heathen priests had their lustration,
And after their initiation,
In sacrifice perform'd libation.

JUGGLERS.

Jugglers well know prestigiation,
Intice us by funambulation,
To cheat us by quadruplication.

PAINTERS.

Painters show by delineation,
How much they prize ramification,
Their highest skill is decoration.

POETS.

Poets live by versification,
Pen-men grow famous by notation.
Students too by a right translation,
When seconded by annotation.

LYARS.

Lyars scape whipping by negation,
And often too by deprecation.
But after all my rumination,
Aiming at others refutation,
And by this humble intimation,
Off'ring up this manifestation.
I may rouse your commemoration,
And missing your congratulation,
Forfeit your usual salutation,
But above all reciprocation,
Despair by your enunciation.
Yet for your further information,
I thus proceed without evasion.
'Tis not my sole accommodation,
I by this strong solicitation,
Would force you to a resignation.
But for the future preservation
Of human kind, by procreation.
You know 'tis nature's invitation,
Confirm'd by divine ordination.
And whosoe'er by denegation,
Blinded by inconsideration,
Retards the work of ———,
May plead dislike of ———.
And in their vain imagination,
Suppose 'tis by illumination
They yield not to contamination.
But this is nature's derogation,
And from her course a deviation.
Therefore it needs no confutation,
Nor will it bear examination
In any wise man's estimation,
Being destitute of all foundation,
And shews ev'n to a demonstration,
They aim at nought but desolation,
Seeking the earth's depopulation,
Which fall of course by extirpation,
Before the destin'd conflagration.

MARRIAGE.

Now this by modest computation,
Is ten times worse than conjuration.
Nor need we further consultation,
About this monstrous depravation,
Which must proceed from desperation,
And tends to frustrate our creation.
But your refin'd and sweet sensation,
Will ne'er deserve such appellation,
But by a sacred conjugation
Thro' love, or by commiseration,
Yield to the perfect consummation
Of marriage by solemnization.
Then shall the joyful celebration,
Demand our loudest acclamation.
And may our future conversation,
Ne'er trouble us with altercation,
Nor any vetilitigation
Disturb our mutual consolation ;
But let us by confabulation,
Still seek each other's contentation,
For when by sacred contemplation,
We keep our minds in agitation,
And with true virtue's cementation,
Join hearts and souls, our delectation
May then defy all violation ;
And by a sweet approximation,
Tend to our future conservation ;
And thus preventing tribulation,
Highly contribute to salvation.

FINIS.

(Thus have we completed what may truly be called "AN—ATION—AL poem.")

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

[We have hitherto declined giving insertion to the many complimentary and critical communications we have been favoured with, relating to our own humble labours: as, however, the following comes to our justification and defence, in a case in which we have hitherto received much hard and we think illiberal treatment; we let it speak for itself and us.—Ed.]

Sir,—A *quaternion* of "Literary Guardians" (for the month of December) has just been put into my hands; one of which contains a critique on Miss Landon's "Romance and Reality," for the perpetration of which critique, you appear to have been exposed to a simultaneous charge of horse, foot, and dragoons, retainers of the said Miss Landon.

Now, sir, though I am an obscure individual, I have read a little in the course of my life, and written a little too, which *latter* little has been pretty graciously received by our common patron the public ; and for these two reasons conjoined, I humbly think that I have a right to form *my own* opinion on any literary production of the day that comes before me: in the present instance I take the further liberty of informing you what that opinion is.

To come at once to the point, your review of Miss Landon's work appears to

me to be very ably written, and—to be very true. That she has talent, we are both agreed; that her talent is ridiculously overrated, is my opinion, and that of most of my literary friends, and it seems to be yours also. Her forte appears to be in the production of light poetical effusions; and it is rather worse than doubtful whether she is capable of any *sustained effort* whatever. She has made such efforts in poetry, and such inanities as the "Venetian Bracelet" were the result. One such effort she has made in prose, and behold "Romance and Reality," containing many prettinesses, a good deal of cleverness, much sense, and much more nonsense; being immeasurably inferior to much of the same kind of our current literature, and *as a whole*, resembling nothing in existence in the *five quarters* of the world—there *are five now*, sir! Miss Landon's early poesy was very beautiful, by no means faultless, but deriving a kind of adventitious celebrity from the fact, that the writer was yet "*in early girlhood*;" but Miss Landon is no girl *now*. I suppose, sir, that you are old enough (as I am) to remember the young Roscius! He was wonderful when a boy; but when no longer a boy, he was no longer wonderful. For once, the "child" was *not* "the *father* of the *man*;" and it appears to me to be very questionable, whether Miss Landon will ever be *her own mother*."

The poor lass's head appears, however, to be so turned by the hebdomedal puffing of Esquire Jerdan, that she fancies herself capable of any thing; and truly had such commendation flowed from a somewhat better source, it might have affected wiser brains than hers.

Folly, however,—laud we the gods! generally defeats its own purposes; and if the fulsome and absurd flattery with which "Romance and Reality" has been ushered into the world, does not create a nausea in the public against what is thus to be driven down its throat, then is the stomach of the many-headed monster as unimpressible as his brains.

The greatest absurdity of all, however, —the crowning folly—is that of calling Miss Landon the "*founder of a new school*," because one or two personages in their teens have imitated her style, and equalled her in it. And why have they done so? Because nothing was more easy—it was only to pretend to be crossed in love, and then to abuse the world a little, and call it a desert, or a tomb, or a cellar, or something equally pleasant and refreshing, and the thing was done. The fact is, that Miss Landon herself is neither more nor less than an imitator of Lord Byron, in his worst attribute—the only one she *could* imitate. Had he never lived, she had never written. *He* vents his spleen against the faith of women—(most falsely;) *she*, as naturally, though not quite so delicately, is always complaining of the inconstancy of men. "Who drew the lion vanquished?"

It is no wonder that the editor of *The Literary Gazette*, whose taste is so miserably perverted, that he promised a niche in Westminster Abbey to Robert Montgomery, should demi-deify Miss Landon, even if he had no other reason for doing it; but it *is* to be wondered at, that *The New Monthly Magazine* should follow on the same side, and that Mr. Bulwer should open on the cry which was first raised by Mr. Jerdan. What can induce a man of Mr. Bulwer's calibre to become the mere echo of a pop-gun! He seems inclined to be sworn brothers with Mr. J. an association which puts one much in mind of that of Prince Henry with the tapster. If it indeed be so, there is no more to be said, but that literature, like poverty, "makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." I know nothing of Mr. Bulwer, nor of Mr. Jerdan, nor of Miss Landon, but what I have learned from their respective writings.—The first is a person of undoubted talent; whatever the others may be, and on this point opinions appear to differ: one thing I think is certain, that they occupy a much larger space in the public eye, than their real dimensions warrant—and this hallucination should be removed. You, sir, and the editor of *The Westminster Review*, are the only persons (as far as my knowledge goes,) who have endeavoured to compass this desirable end; and it is for the purpose of shewing you, that there are *some* at least who agree with you, that I have troubled you with my opinion, and my reasons for it.

I am, sir, very obediently, your's,

DEMOCRITUS.

DEALERS AND AMATEURS.

THOSE who have been instructed in a knowledge of the Fine Arts, and from this knowledge have acquired a love and taste for them, well know the value which is set upon originality either in paintings or drawings, and equally so on the scarcity of prints. The dealer knows this also, and is ready with *his undoubted* originals and early impressions of scarce prints to supply the collector. *His* commodities may be had to any extent, suited to the eye of the most scrupulous connoisseur as well as to that of the would-be amateur; and galleries and collections are accordingly filled with copied originals and modern antiques. Innumerable instances might be adduced in which both the artist and amateur have been equally the dupes of the skill and craft practised in the mystery of picture dealing; so that after all there is no disgrace in being thus duped, as much of the tact thought necessary to a judgment in these matters exists but in imagination: yet men who have been detected in errors of this sort, often feel more than those who have been detected in the fraud of the imposition.

It is well known that artists have always been in the habit of copying the works of their predecessors; that it is part of the education of a painter to make himself acquainted with the style and character of such masters as were to become the objects of his imitation. In the course of this practice it must frequently happen that works of considerable merit as copies have fallen into different hands, and have become the means of deception, either wilfully or accidentally: but to show that it is not for want of judgment that the spurious have been received as the legitimate works, many cases might be brought to prove.

Desenfans, well known as a collector and dealer with every advantage of consulting and comparing, was himself the dupe of an artist's skill in imitating the works of a celebrated painter. The discovery was made by the artist himself in rather a curious way. M. De Loutherbourg took an opportunity of introducing Ibbotson (a very clever artist) to the notice of Mr. Desenfans: on this introduction, and while at breakfast, the collector pointed out to the attention of the young artist several esteemed and valuable pictures, among them a highly-finished Teniers; when, to the utter confusion of the possessor, Ibbotson declared himself to be the painter of the much-esteemed Teniers.

The prejudice in favour of French china and its painting has long existed and still continues; but the following circumstance which took place but a few years back ought to remove some of this predilection for foreign manufacture of art.

The late excellent china painter, Thomas Baxter, was called upon by one of our first amateurs to ornament an article of porcelain with some devices or characters suitable to its form; they were such as it might be supposed an English artist could accomplish. While receiving the order, Baxter had his eye upon the china closet, which the gentleman observing, said,—

"That is French, Mr. Baxter?"

"Not all, sir, I believe."

"How! What is not?"

"This, sir;" pointing to an article among the rich assemblage of forms.

"How know you that, Mr. Baxter?"

"Sir, I painted it myself; the porcelain indeed is French, and was brought to me for the purpose of painting it by —— of Fleet-street."

"You are perfectly right," said the amateur; "I bought it there." But our artist found no further encouragement from that quarter.

The following contrivance to keep up the appetite for *virtu* is truly epicurean, and deserves the attention of those who feast on such dainties.

The late M. Cracherode, who left his rare collection of prints to the British Museum, was one of the most ardent admirers of the works of Marc Antonio. His skill in arranging and displaying his prints to advantage was seen and felt by all who understood their merits,—but woe to the visitor who failed to place them in the right light, or handle them or their subjects properly; a solecism in remark would at once close the folio, and put an end to all further inspection.

This gentleman having, as he imagined, purchased a very fine specimen of M. Antonio, was permitted for a time to enjoy his triumph in the possession of a unique. His reverie was however broke at last by the visit of a person who, understanding Mr. C. had a very fine specimen of Marc Antonio, begged leave to compare it with one he had lately met with. The comparison was made, and Mr. C. found there was a specimen still finer than his own.

The dealer would, however, allow him something for it, and at an additional expense the purchase was made. But it did not end here. Another and another was presented, and the last proof more perfect than the former.

But now the patience of the collector came to an end. The door was shut on all future impressions, however fine or scarce, and "more last words" could no longer be admitted.

From the skill displayed in copying and imitating, there can be no doubt that half the collections in Europe might be, or perhaps are, filled with uniques of the same drawing, print, or picture.

The art of fixing and unfixing the value of these articles is well understood, and the contrivance and practice of it may vie with the jockeyship of Newmarket, Doncaster, or any other place of the same character. Is a gallery or collection of paintings and prints to be disposed of,—the tone of depreciation is given from one dealer to the other, till nothing but what is either spurious or doubtful appears; and as of old, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he has gone his way, then he boasteth." The purchase once made,—dirt, a coat of varnish, a bad light, prevented the merits of the piece from being seen before,—none but the hand of a Salvator, the eye of a Titian, or the pencil of Claude, could have produced such a work.

The picture is again to grow into value, till another turn in the wheel again places it under the auctioneer's hammer.—Then with regard to conscience,—let the story of old Andrew Hay and the Earl of Oxford suffice as an example:—

Andrew Hay, a dealer in scarce books and prints, was commissioned by Lord Oxford to purchase an article of this kind, which after some little time was found, and his lordship put into possession of it: it was just after this bargain had been made, that Andrew was met by the late Paul Sandby, who observing the dealer to be under an apparent dejection of mind, kindly inquired of him the cause; when Andrew muttering, in half-broken sentences, "It's always my luck—always standing in my own light—never get anything like other people,"—was at length stopped and desired to be more explicit, and then went on—

"Why, you see the thing was this: My Lord Oxford wanted the ——, a book of prints; you know what it is. I got it for him, and went this morning with it. He was at that time engaged, and I waited a long time, with no other amusement than that of looking over the prints—fine impressions—thought them too cheap at ten guineas—thought he ought to give twenty—I got very tired of waiting—knew his lordship never minded money,—was worth thirty guineas to him, and thirty guineas I determined to ask. I was at last called in. His lordship was in high good humour."

"Well, Andrew," said he, "anything for me to look at?"

"The book of prints, your lordship—I have had great difficulty in procuring it."

"Oh aye, let me see—what's the price?"

"Fifty guineas, if your lordship pleases—and he immediately wrote me an order on his banker for the sum; and if I had asked a hundred, it would have been the same. But it's always my luck—never anything else."—And in this grumbling way the conscientious dealer took his leave, to plan some other way of bettering his luck.—*Abridged from the Library of the Fine Arts.*

THE RIVER NIGER.

The following extract from Lander's Travels, shortly to be published, gives an interesting nocturnal sketch of the passage down the Niger:—

"We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river appeared to vary considerably, sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously.

"But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable-looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*, and others danced about we knew not how. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, the sound of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as 'sceptres grasped in sleep.' We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could any where be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer.

"But here a fresh evil arose which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled

with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement, no doubt, at first when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it.

"We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the gewo roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning, and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaoorie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe is only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we have no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely, we should have had no occason to land, excepting to obtain our provisions; and having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night.

"Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, I never recollect having seen such strong fork lightning before in my life, All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven p. m. it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so strong, that it washed over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs projecting half over the sides of the little vessel, which, for want of room, we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to blow,—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly.

"The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly baling out the water to keep her afloat. The water-elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe. The storm continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads. Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way, and two hours after, we put into a small, insignificant, fishing village, called Dacannie, where we landed very gladly.

"Before we arrived at this island, we had passed a great many native towns and villages, but in consequence of the early hour at which we were travelling, we considered it would be imprudent to stop at any of them, as none of the natives were out of their huts. Had we landed earlier, even near one of these towns, we might have alarmed the inhabitants, and been taken for a party of robbers; or, as they are called in the country, *jacallees*. They would have taken up arms against us, and we might have lost our lives; so that for our safety we continued down the river, although we had great desire to go on shore."

Fine Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

28. *Lady Taking the Veil.*—Hart. The work of a rapidly improving artist, perhaps would be the better for a little more finish.

38. *Fruit.*—G. Lance. We have fruit, and pots, and pans, and dead game, to repletion, in the present exhibition. They are good things in their proper places, but not to our taste on canvass, excepting only when used as accessories to more extensive subjects.

47. *Saved from the Wreck.*—Hancock. Not worth saving.

52. *The Antiquary.*—Fraser. Had Wilkie put in the figures, this picture would have been a matchless work of modern art. The carpet, armour, chairs, and old china vase, actually *breathe* before us!

59. *Æneas, with Achates, &c.*—Copley Fielding. This artist's water-colouring is better than his oils;—his scenes from nature are admirable, but the figures in the above are hardly of importance sufficient to style it an "historical" picture.

109. *Barmouth, North Wales.*—J. Wilson. An admirable sea-piece, with stormy and cloudy atmosphere. Backhuysen must have been constantly in the artist's eye.

158. *The Villager.*—Rothwell. Certainly not the "Pride of the Village." The expression is vulgar, and the costume most unbecoming.

167. *La Poetessa.*—John Hayter. This baptismal "conceit" is affixed to a well-painted portrait of Mrs. Norton, whose poetical talents are well known to all our readers, and need not this to add to their popularity, Though the execution of the picture is creditable, the attitude and head-dress are decidedly unfortunate.

227. *Covent Garden Market.*—F. C. Lewis. Painted for the Duke of Bedford; for the servant's hall we suppose. This was a commission unworthy both of a painter and patron, and the manner in which it has been executed betrays too evidently that the former did not enter upon his task in a *con amore* spirit.

265 and 267. *Royal Procession on the Thames.*—W. F. Witherington. What could have induced this really clever painter to embark in such scenes, fit only for theatrical canvas?

382. *Cordelia.*—W. Boxall. A favourite subject of Mr. Boxall's, and well treated in the picture before us. The expression of the countenance is full of feeling and pathos, though perhaps of too slight a character. The breadth and colouring of the drapery is good.

532. *Scene on the River Ytham.*—J. Giles. A capital painting, which, notwithstanding the obscure situation it occupies, we are happy to find has been purchased.

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Contessa Lazise made her promised *debut* on Saturday last, in the part of *Desdemona*, and repeated her performance on Tuesday. We wish we had better success to record, but the truth must out, and the

attempt, time, place, and every other circumstance being duly considered, was not a fortunate one. A part more intrinsically difficult than that above mentioned could scarcely have been selected from the whole range of modern opera, and when we remember the inimitable performances of Sontag, Malibran, and others, in the same character, so recently within the same walls, before the identical audience, the difficulty increases in a tenfold degree. Under any circumstances, however, the physical powers of the lady *debutante* would be hardly equal to the music of the part, and when we consider the nervous timidity of a first appearance, no wonder her voice, tremulous and uncertain in the early scenes, should almost entirely fail her during the last and most trying portion of her *role*. But we will briefly dismiss an unpleasant duty with a word of comfort and hope;—Madame Lazise's voice is decidedly sweet and pleasing, her taste lady-like and correct, holding out a prospect, that in a less arduous part, and after a little more practice, she may yet delight the audience of the King's Theatre. Of the other parties concerned, we cannot too highly praise the exertions of De Winter in *Otello;* a more spirited performance of the part has not been seen or heard upon these boards for many a long year. Mariani shone forth in *Elmiro*, and his fine bass voice becomes better and better appreciated every night. Curioni, who appears to have been engaged for the occasion, played the second tenor, *Rodrigo*, (not *Iago*, as stated by *The Athenæum*,) and was warmly greeted by the audience; he seemed to take unusual pains with his singing, and we recollect seldom to have heard him to the same advantage. Altogether, the *mise en scene*, and general performance of the opera, evidenced a decided improvement upon the arrangements of last season; and make us desire, heavy as it is as a composition, that this piece should be repeated once or twice till further *novelty* arrives. We would only offer two suggestions;—let Madame De Meric take the part of *Desdemona*, and let the proper *finale* be added to the last act,—nothing can be more miserable than to see the curtain fall upon a *dumb* and *empty* stage! There are several operas in active preparation, amongst others, *Elisa è Claudio*, in which Madame de Meric, Winter, De Begnis, and others, will appear; Spontini's *Vestale*, in which four complete ballets will be introduced; *Olivo e Pasquale*, which will bring before us, for the first time, *the* celebrated Vincenzo Galli, in his most favourite part; *Romeo e Guiletta*, &c.; to say nothing of the real *Robert le Diable*, with the original performers, &c. and a new ballet, by Albert, on the subject of Cinderella.

We hear of a great many expected arrivals, but not as yet knowing the order in which they may "drop in," we wait for further information.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Barber of Seville; the Self Tormentor, or Whims and Fancies.
Saturday—The Rent Day, the Quaker; Masaniello.
Monday.—The Dæmon Duke, or the Mystic Branch; Turning the Tables.
Tuesday.—The Dæmon Duke; Popping the Question.
Wednesday.—The Rent Day; Love-a-la-Mode; Masaniello.
Thursday.—The Dæmon Duke; A Tale of Mystery.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—Catherine of Cleves; Hide and Seek; the Irish Ambassador.
Saturday.—The Haunted Tower; Auld Robin Gray; A Rowland for an Oliver.
Monday.—Romeo and Juliet; Robert the Devil.
Tuesday.—The Fiend Father, or Robert of Normandy; Raising the Wind.
Wednesday.—The Fiend Father; Youthful Queen.
Thursday.—The Fiend Father; the Hundred Pound Note.

Mr. Bishop's *Dæmon Duke, or the Mystic Branch*, with interpolations and spoliations ad lib. from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, was produced on Monday evening, and after a too patient hearing of four long hours, proved a total failure; that is, was so tossed about by an uproarious and disappointed audience, as totally to unfit it for long "active service." The failure of this performance must not be considered as at all impeaching the reputation of the composer, or the tastes of the foreign audiences who have applauded him; on the contrary, the event of Monday night was precisely what had been anticipated by those best acquainted with the real opera, and the means which the Drury Lane company had adopted for its production. As propheciedd, "it was not Meyerbeer's music that was murdered on the above occasion," though there were several isolated pieces of music from that gentleman's work, which had been "published in Paris," adapted to the piano forte, and to which Mr. Bishop, with praiseworthy alacrity, and becoming modesty, had undertaken to "re-compose the whole of the score."

We will not stop to detail what was done on Monday night, though a few facts, to those who have not seen the original piece, may give an idea of what was *not* done. In the first place, *Robert le Diable* is divided into *five* considérable acts, the *Dæmon Duke* has but *three;* more than half the music of *Robert le Diable*, including many of the most effective scenes, is entirely omitted, and much of what remains is in such a mutilated condition as to be scarcely recognizable by its "nearest relatives and acquaintances,"—sometimes, for instance, of a long and beautiful duet the finale only is preserved, while, of another song, the opening movements alone remain; occasionally the middle bars of a splendid piece are dragged forth, like "Majesty deprived of its externals" to prove "a *jest*." The choruses are wofully deficient, and what remain are miserably treated; the recitatives, which in the original are, generally speaking, the most striking and admirably dramatic portion of the whole production, are entirely omitted; the ballets, of which there at Paris four, of the most complete and grand description, are here reduced to one, (if ballet it can be called,) being that in which the resuscitated nuns scamper about the stage, and in which *Mademoiselle* Baseke, one of the Italian Opera figurantes, is *prima ballerina;*—in Paris, this very scene, which at Drury Lane was received with universal laughter and hissing, becomes, through the beautiful dancing and acting of Taglioni and others, one of awful and captivating interest. In the original, the acting and singing of Nourrit fairly divide criticism as to their respective shares of excellence, it being a question much disputed whether, in the simple dramatic performance alone, any other actor in Europe could equal him; in the English version both the acting and the singing of Nourrit devolve upon Mr. Wood! In fine, as an acting drama, a musical performance, a ballet spectacle, and a pictorial exhibition,—in each and every one of these particulars the French critics assert *Robert le Diable* to be the *ne plus ultra* of excellence;—what it becomes on the Drury Lane stage may be gathered from the above statement, and the actual experience of those who like to see for themselves.

With respect to the *Fiend Father*, produced on Tuesday at Covent Garden, the above remarks will, generally speaking, be found equally applicable. Such being the case, and there being indeed here, one omission more than in the Drury Lane version, what more barefaced piece of effrontery have our puffing playbills of late exhibited than the boldly-printed assertion that "the *whole* of Meyerbeer's music" had been adapted for it by Mr. Lacey? The fact is, that there are upwards of a dozen pieces wholly wanting at both houses.

To come now to the respective pretensions of the two houses, we must certainly award the palm to Covent Garden. The whole arrangement of the piece, both as regards the music and the drama, is better considered, and more uniform than at Drury Lane, where everything bears too evident marks of the hurry with which the preparations were made. The scenery and decorations, moreover, at the former establishment are manifestly superior, and the cast of the characters on the whole more effective, as the subjoined parallel table will shew:—

	Cov. Gar.	*Dru. Lane.*
Princess Isabelle	Miss Shirreff.	Miss F. Ayton
Alice . . .	Miss Inverarity.	Mrs. Wood.
Robert . . .	Braham.	Wood.
Bertram . .	Reynoldson.	H. Phillips.
Raimbaut .	Keeley.	Templeton.

If Miss Inverarity do not quite equal Mrs. Wood, the superior charms of Miss Shirreff over those of Miss Fanny Ayton will be readily allowed when we assert that the latter young lady did not sing three notes in tune, yet sent them forth with a volubility truly provoking. Wood cannot stand beside Braham, who both sung and acted, (as was the case by-the-bye with his *Masaniello,*) with a degree of spirit and success which astonished his oldest and warmest admirers. H. Phillips is a miserable actor, and his vocal powers had no great opportunity for display, and "little Keely" managed to make a funny part of one which in the hands of Mr. Templeton was a mere "nobody." To make a long story short, *Fiend Father* has really and truly proved a hit, while the *Dæmon,* having turned out a *devilish* dull affair, went well nigh to being d——d. That its career will be either long or profitable, curtailed as it since has been, we very much doubt.

P. S.—The *Morning Herald* had a most flippant and ignorantly written article on this performance, some passages from which, relating more particularly to the music, we take the liberty of quoting. After remarking upon the construction, and scenic effects, &c. he continues thus: 'Having said thus much of the scenic portion of this opera, let us now address a few observations to this wonderful music of Mr. Meyerbeer, which has frightened three great theatres out of their proprieties, and was to eclipse Spohr, Auber, Weber, Mozart, and the whole puny race of present and by-gone composers. From the *first bar* of the *overture,* to the last of the concluding chorus, we listened attentively,' &c. &c.: such a remark is very easily accountable in one who had not heard, and knew nothing of the *real* music of Meyerbeer, but surely one so ignorant should never be permitted to write a column of criticism in a morning paper of large circulation! This critic, here and elswhere, talks about the "overture" to *Robert le Diable,* while it should be well known that M. Meyerbeer *never composed an overture at all to his opera,* though he is under engagement to do so for its production at the King's Theatre. The same acute gentleman after generally condemning the music, says, "we confidently submit to the judgment of all who have heard, or shall hear, this opera, that its chief reliance must be on the masterly science of its combinations, a *well elaborated score of accompaniments,* &c.!" or, in other words, that the whole merit in M. Meyerbeer's music, is that which has been done for it (the scoring and accompaniments) by Mr. Bishop! This being the case, and Mr. Bishop's "accompaniments" being what they are, what must the fidlers be about in the Paris orchestra? Surely they must have easy work of it!

MINORS.

New Strand Theatre.—We have here a new burletta under the catching title of *Spring Guns and Man Traps,* intended, like the *Four Sisters,* solely to show off the fascinations of "man-trap" Waylett, and like that, displaying her in a variety of characters. This gives too much an air of sameness to the evening's amusements:—two pieces, so nearly of the self-same construction, should never be played together. Another attraction at this house is Master Hughes, a child of five years of age, who performs most surprisingly on the harp:—he came out a few weeks ago at Sadler's Wells, under the inappropriate designation of "The Welch Paganini," and has met with such success, that his services have been secured for Covent Garden—the management of which hope thus to gain funds sufficient to prosecute to conviction the proprietors of the theatre which they rob of its attraction.

At the Queen's, the *Shakspeare Gallery* continues its career. It consists of a series of living pictures, realizations of favourite compositions, from the works of the dramatist.

The manager of Sadlers Wells is indefatigable—not content with bringing out last week an amusing parody on *Robert le Diable,* he came forward, on Monday night, with a new domestic drama called *Distraining for Rent,* introducing, like the *Rent Day* at Drury Lane, Wilkie's two celebrated pictures, an idea, we believe, originally belonging to this house, where the "Blind Fiddler" was vivified in a pantomime a season or two ago. The literary merits of the piece are very small, and the plot, with every thing else available, has been taken from Mr. Jerrold's production; the "Pictures," however, which were creditably got up, received much applause, and the performers, especially Mr. Andrews (in Harley's part) who returned after a short absence from this stage, exerted themselves with spirit and success. The new ballet is composed of old dances, and deserves notice only for its title *La Fete de Paque*:—why could not this have been translated: few frequenters of the Wells will be aware that they are seeing "The Easter Festival," under so outlandish a designation.

Madame Vestris has produced a new burletta with the quaint title of *The Proof of the Pudding,* of course it was well received, but it will hardly be a very great favourite. Mr. J. Bland, the singer, starts into being as a comedian, in the part of a French cook, *M. Ragout,* in this piece, and albeit not a second Liston, proves himself in possession of a considerable quantity of broad humour—it is needless to say, that his female coadjutor, Mrs. Glover, discovered much of the same quality. Those who do not believe us, may go and see—'the Proof of the Pudding,' *verb sat.*

Eugene Aram still revisits the glimpses of the moon at the Surrey and Pavilion; at the latter, the Drury Lane 'Faustus' has been cooked, and 'Robert the Devil,' is to follow. The other east end theatre the Garrick, is shut, and the proprietors in the Fleet. George Robins sold the whole concern, which he facetiously designated a 'mine of wealth,' on Tuesday, for 1,750 guineas: a proof that the spirit of speculation is not yet extinct.

Miscellanea.

New Compressing Pump.—On the 18th of July, a letter was read from M. Thilorier, announcing that M. Perrot had recently applied his new system of compressing gases to an engine of war, by means of which it throws two hundred balls per minute. This machine principally differs from that of Perkins's, by the use of the elastic force of air instead of that of steam, by which a considerable saving of expense is obtained. In the ordinary pumps, the force required to overcome the resistance of the piston is as the number of atmospheres; whereas, in M. Thilorier's new pump, the force required is only as the square root or cube root of the atmospheres, according as the gas has been submitted to two or three successive compressions. Hence, by the new pump, a single man may, in a given time, perform as much work as a steam-engine of thirty-horse power applied to the old pump.—*Journ. Royal Instit.*

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CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

J. C. will find a letter at our office on Monday.

We have received several works which we find it impossible to notice this week. Lest they should escape us, we would particularly acknowledge Mr. Dolby's *Shaksperian Dictionary;* Rajah Rammohun Roy's *Essay on the Right of Hindoos over Ancestral Property; The London Medical and Surgical Journal,* Nos. 1 to 3; *The New Bath Guide;* and a pamphlet on the *Proceedings at the Meeting on the Subject of the Preservation and Restoration of the Lady Chapel, at the East End of St. Saviour's, Southwark.*

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THOUGH the publication of books by subscription is no longer the mode, as it was in the days of Pope and Dryden, when those eminent men resorted to it, and when Prior, who had been an ambassador, did not scruple to let it be turned to his account by his friends.—and though there are many reasons why the revival of the custom is not desirable, especially in these days of universal penmanship,—yet occasions have now and then occurred, when in this, as in other instances, delicacy has vindicated the most delicate of its privileges, and converted what was objectionable in ordinary to a means of showing its sense of claims out of the common path.

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